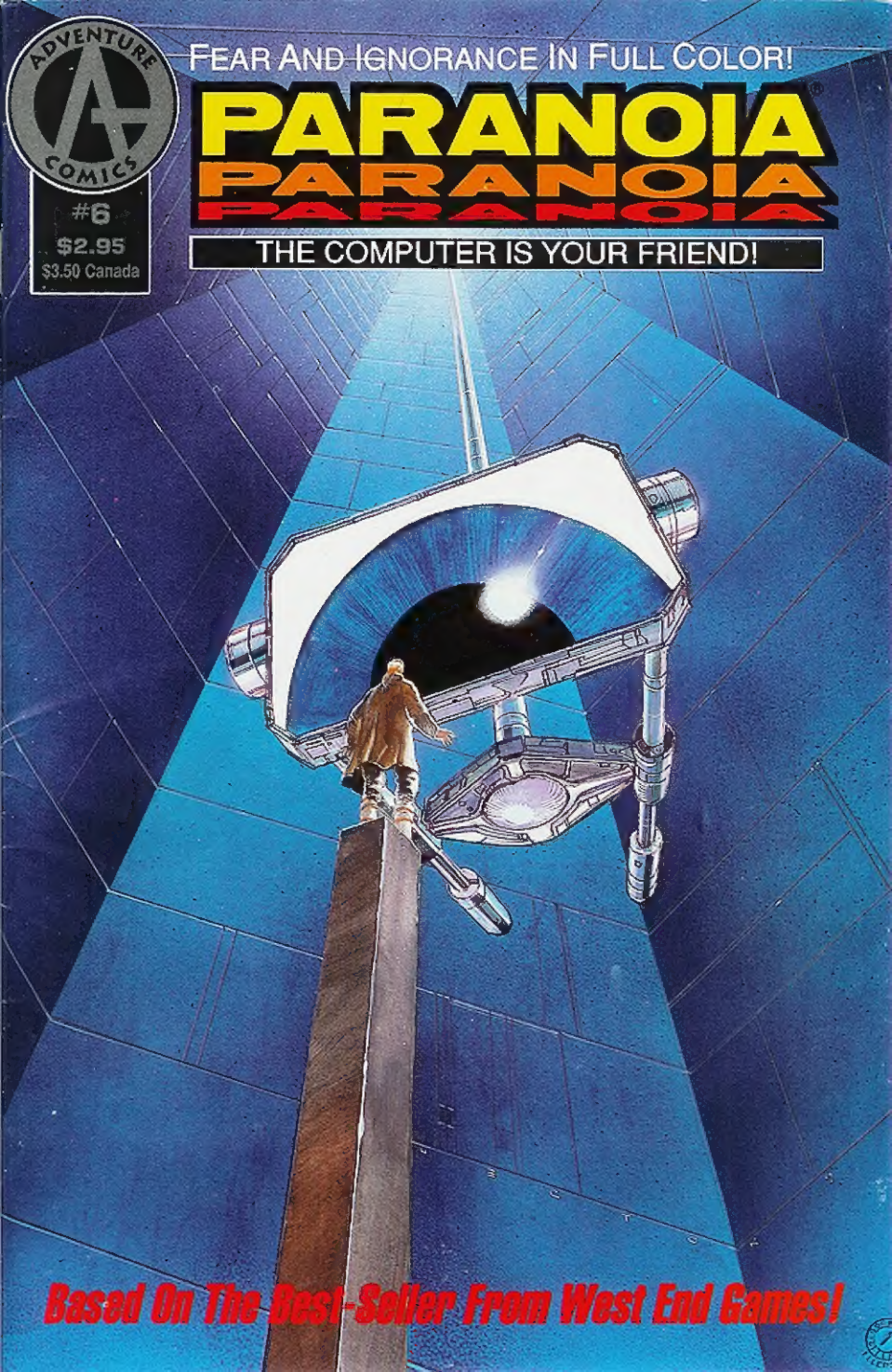
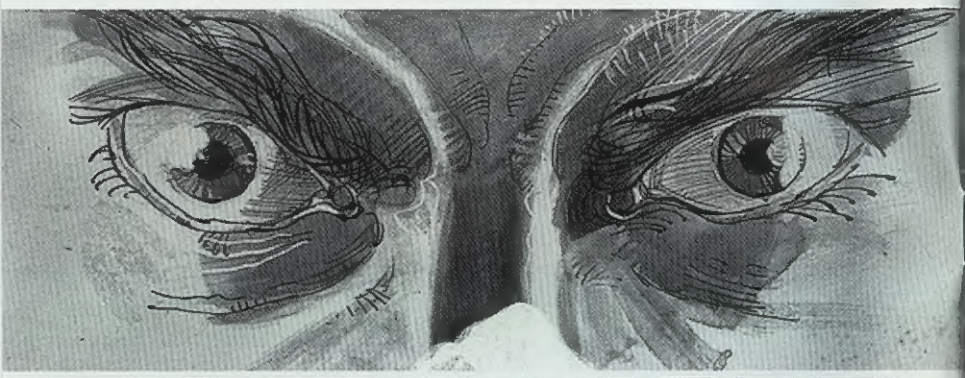

ADVENTURE COMICS
#6
$2.95
$3.50 Canada
FEAR AND IGNORANCE IN FULL COLOR!
PARANOIA
PARANOIA
PARANOIA
THE COMPUTER IS YOUR FRIEND!
Based On The Best-Seller From West End Games!



PARANOIA®

CLONE-6

PAUL O'CONNOR • Writer

HECTOR • Artist

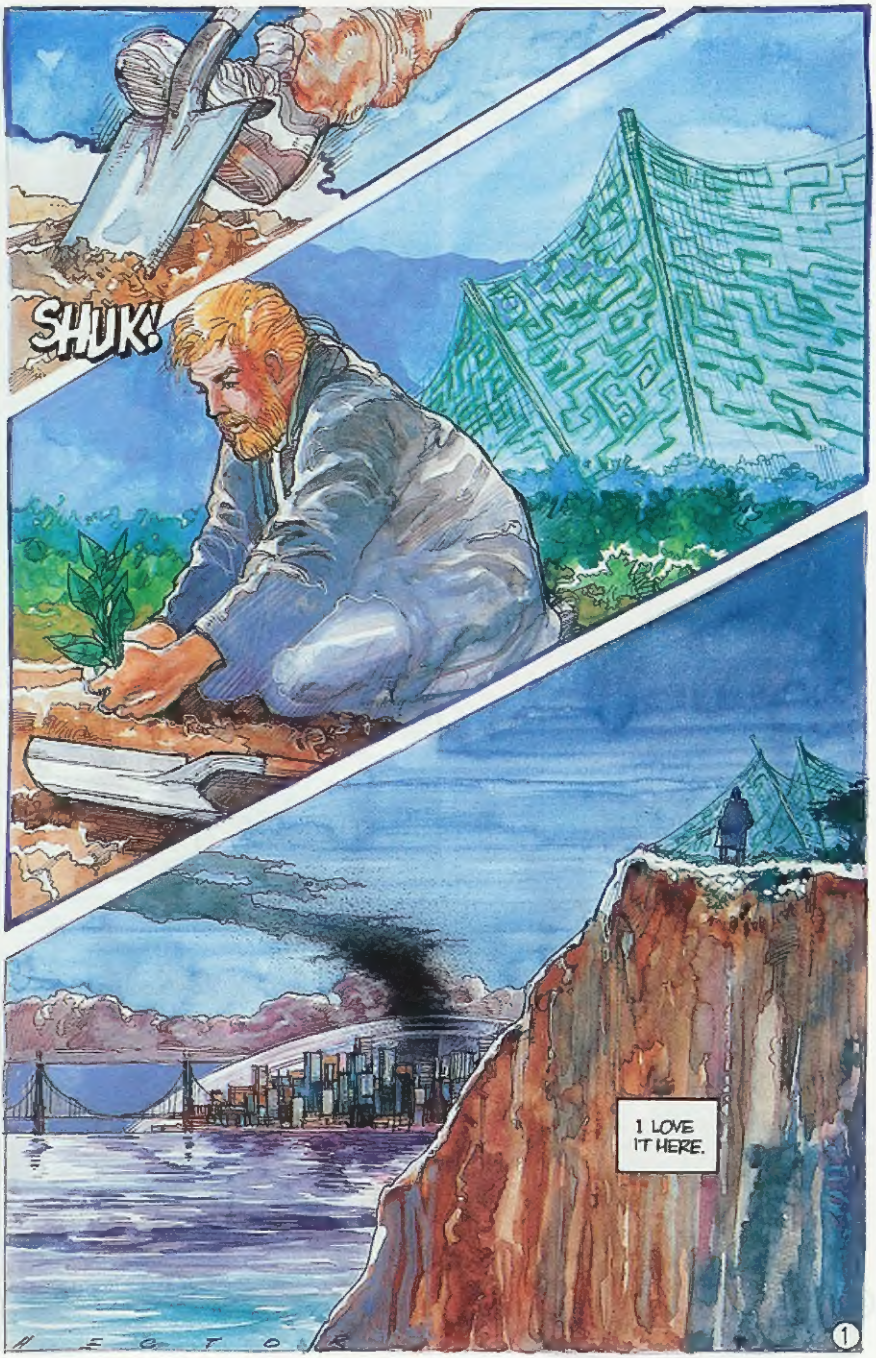
TIM ELDRED • Letters

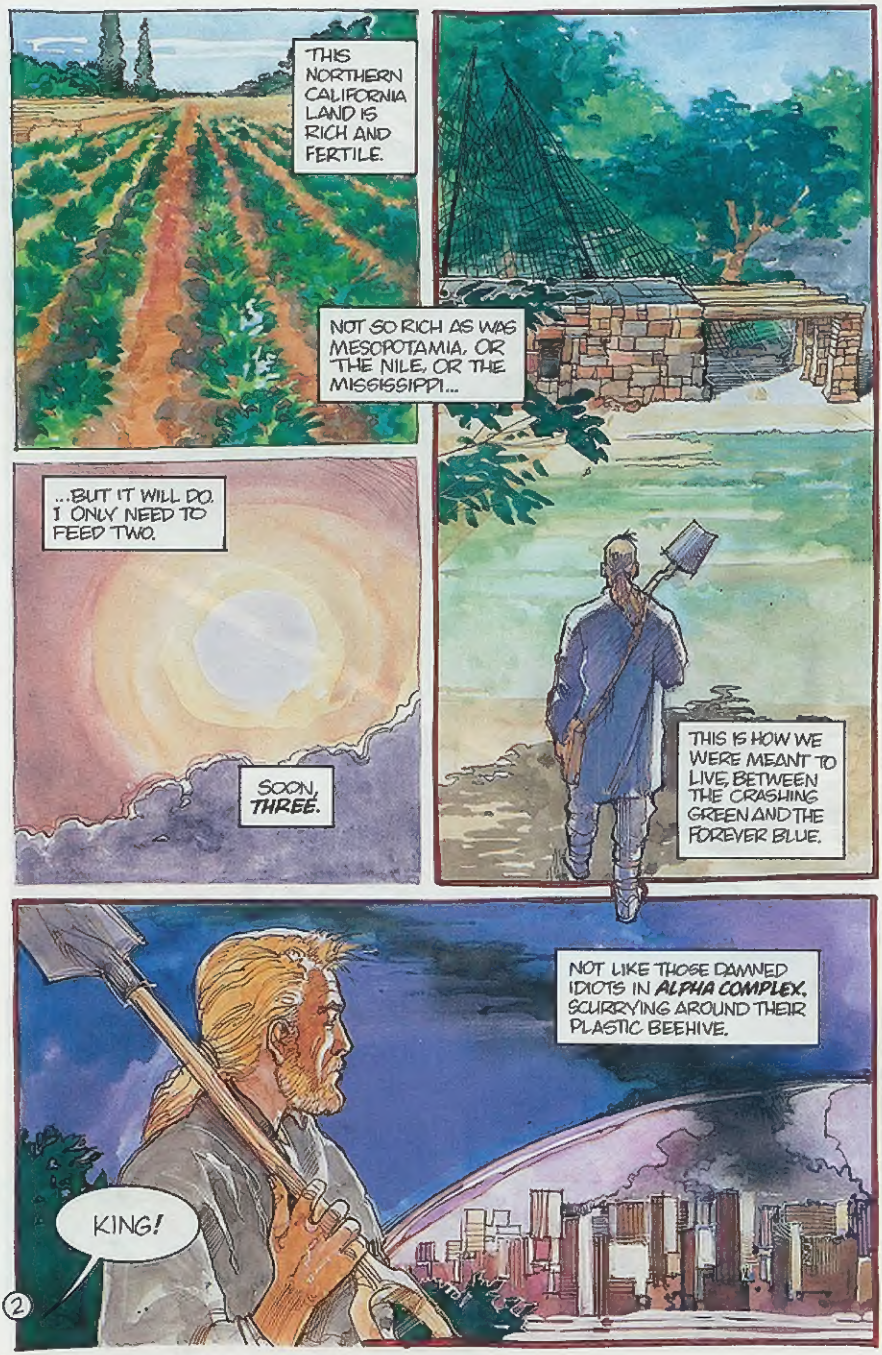
HECTOR • Cover Painting

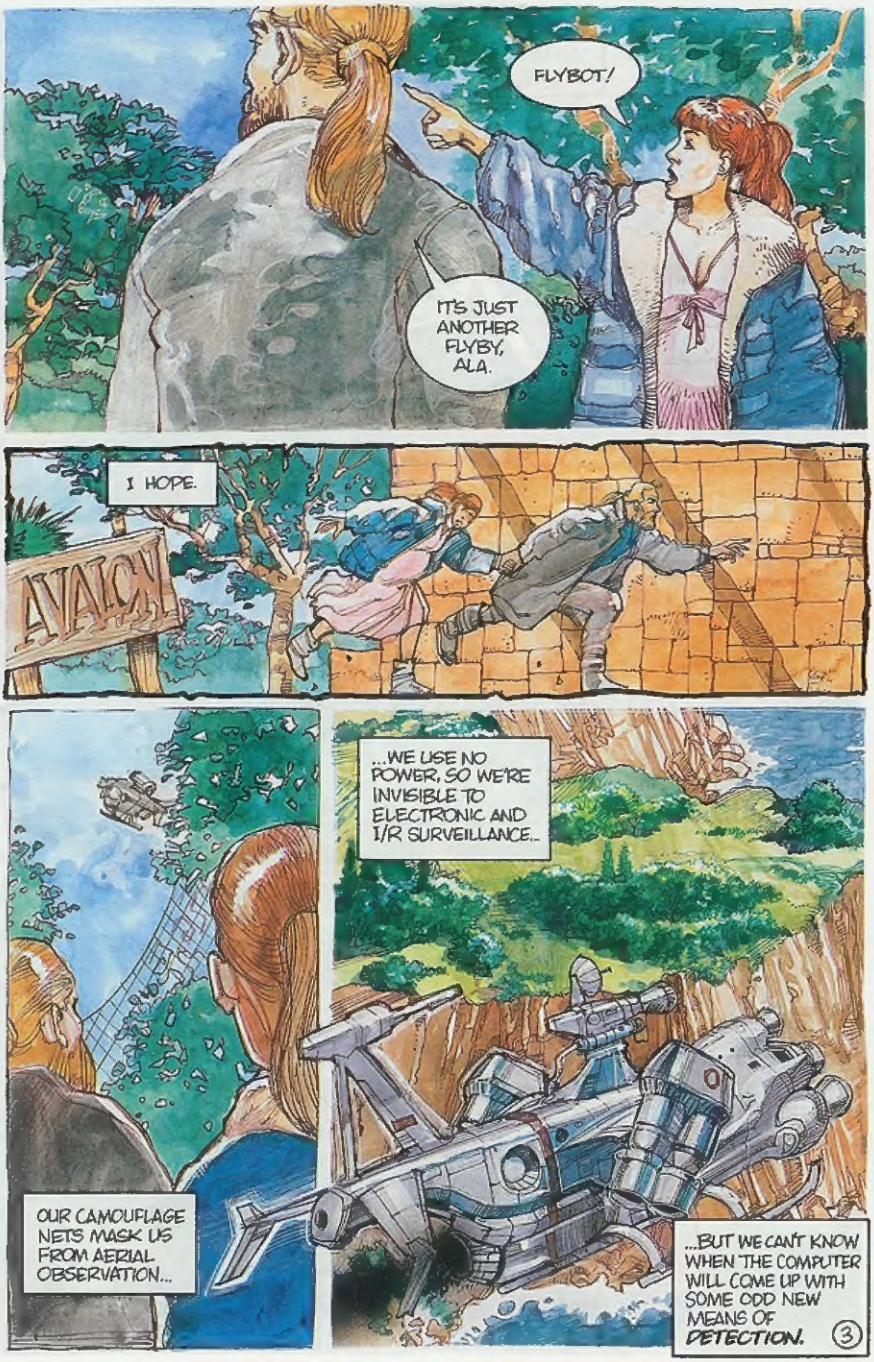
DAVE OLBRICH • Publisher CHRIS ULM • Editor-In-Chief DAN DANKO • Editor KIM SCHOLTER • Design Editor STACY HERRING • Production Assistant TY RULLI • Publishing Coordinator TOM MASON • Creative Director

PARANOIA #5 (of 6) August 1992

Paranoia is published monthly by Adventure Comics, a division of Malibu Graphics Publishing Group, 5321 Sterling Center Drive, Westlake Village, CA 91361. 818/889-9800 $2.95/$3.50 in Canada. *Paranoia* is a trademark and copyright © 1992 by West End Games. All rights reserved. Used with permission. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the consent of West End Games and Malibu Graphics Publishing Group. All other contents © 1992 Malibu Graphics Publishing Group. Printed in the USA. SCOTT ROSENBERG/President. CHRIS ULM/Vice-President. TOM MASON/Secretary. DAVE OLBRICH/Treasurer. CHRISTINE HSU/Controller. Malibu Graphics publishes a wide variety of comic books and graphic novels. For a copy of our catalog, please send $1.00 to Malibu Graphics Catalog, 5321 Sterling Center Dr., Westlake Village, CA 91361.

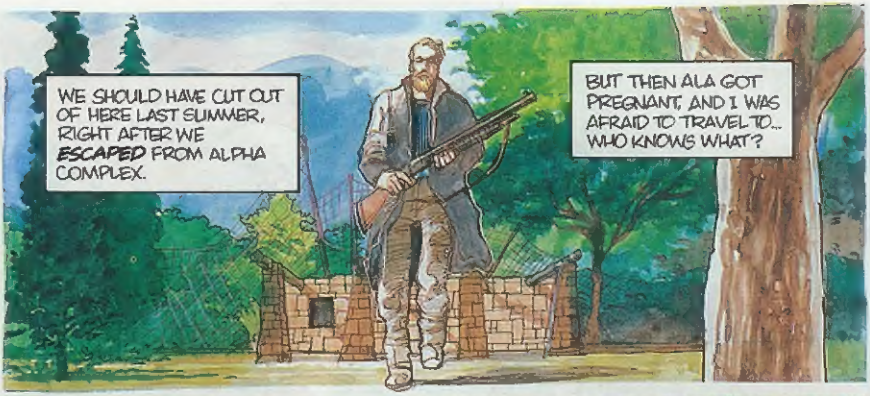

SHUK!
I LOVE IT HERE.
NEOTOR
1


THIS NORTHERN CALIFORNIA LAND IS RICH AND FERTILE.
NOT SO RICH AS WAS MESOPOTAMIA, OR THE NILE, OR THE MISSISSIPPI...
...BUT IT WILL DO. I ONLY NEED TO FEED TWO.
SOON, THREE.
THIS IS HOW WE WERE MEANT TO LIVE, BETWEEN THE CRASHING GREEN AND THE FOREVER BLUE.
NOT LIKE THOSE DAMNED IDIOTS IN ALPHA COMPLEX, SCURRYING AROUND THEIR PLASTIC BEEHIVE.
KING!


FLYBOT!
IT'S JUST ANOTHER FLYBY, ALA.
I HOPE.
AVALON
...WE USE NO POWER, SO WE'RE INVISIBLE TO ELECTRONIC AND I/R SURVEILLANCE..
OUR CAMOUFLAGE NETS MASK US FROM AERIAL OBSERVATION...
...BUT WE CAN'T KNOW WHEN THE COMPUTER WILL COME UP WITH SOME ODD NEW MEANS OF DETECTION.
3

"SOMETHING'S WRONG."
WHAM
HE'S GOING TO CRASH. HE'S A GONER.
KING, WE'VE GOT TO SEE.
I KNOW ALA IS RIGHT.
BWUM!
WE'RE PRISONERS OF OUR NATURE, SHE AND I
I'LL GO.
4

I'LL GO WITH YOU.
NO.
THE BABY IS DUE ANY DAY NOW. YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION TO TRAVEL.
YOU CAN'T STOP ME.
I KNOW. I WON'T TRY.
SO I'LL ASK THAT YOU DO THIS FOR ME.
PLEASE?
LOCK THE DOOR BEHIND ME. I'LL BE BACK BEFORE DARK.
KING?
YES, LOVE?
BE CAREFUL.


WE SHOULD HAVE CUT OUT OF HERE LAST SUMMER, RIGHT AFTER WE ESCAPED FROM ALPHA COMPLEX.
BUT THEN ALA GOT PREGNANT, AND I WAS AFRAID TO TRAVEL TO... WHO KNOWS WHAT?

WILDERNESS, OR A RADIOACTIVE HELL? MAYBE EVEN ANOTHER ALPHA COMPLEX.
MEMORY TRENDS NOT WITHSTANDING, I CAN ONLY GUESS WHAT IT'S LIKE OUT THERE.

MAYBE IT'S JUST MY NATURE. ALPHA COMPLEX IS PART OF ME. APART FROM IT, I COULDN'T DEFINE MYSELF.
AND THEN THERE ARE THE OTHERS.

ALA IS STILL CLOSE TO THE EARTH MOTHERS. EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE WE HELP A GROUP ESCAPE FROM ALPHA COMPLEX.
THERE'S STILL A PART OF ME THAT WANTS TO HELP CHANGE THINGS. THAT'S WHY I HOOKED UP WITH N3F AND BECAME HAPPY JACK.

...THAT'S WHY I'M RISKING MY DAMN FOOL NECK FOR A FLYBOT FULL OF IDIOTS WHO, EVEN IF THEY SURVIVED THAT CRASH, WILL EITHER BE TOO AFRAID TO LEAVE THE CABIN AND GO OUTSIDE...
...WILL SHOOT ANYTHING THAT COMES NEAR THEM...
...OR WILL FALL UPON EACH OTHER LIKE MAD DOGS AT THE DROP OF A HAT.
MAYBE ALL THREE.

SON OF A GUN.
CAN'T TELL IF HE'S ALIVE, BUT AT LEAST HE'S STILL IN ONE PIECE.
ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.

POW
DO EXACTLY WHAT I SAY, OR THE NEXT BULLET GOES IN YOUR HEAD!
TAKE YOUR LASER FROM YOUR HOLSTER, AND THROW IT AWAY FROM YOU!
ALL RIGHT. WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT IS YOUR MISSION?
MY... KING ?

MY KING! ARTHUR, IS IT TRULY YOU?
OR HAVE I DIED, AND JOINED YOU IN THE KINGDOM OF GOD?
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
WHO ARE YOU? WHO SENT YOU?
I AM LANCE-R-LOT-3...
...I WAS CONDITIONED BY THE COMPUTER TO BE YOUR...COMPANION.
YOUR GUARDIAN.
TO OBSERVE AND PROTECT YOU WHILE YOUR POWERS AWAKENED... I HAVE SEEN YOUR CLONE BROTHERS DIE. AND I KNOW NOW--
--IT WAS I WHO BETRAYED THEM. IT WAS THE COMPUTER'S PLAN ALL ALONG.
King-6 and Ala-2 escaped Alpha Complex following the events of PARANOIA CLONE-4.
THE COMPUTER BELIEVES YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY DEAD. YET I DARED HOPE ONE OF YOU MIGHT YET LIVE. I HAVE QUESTED FOR YOU, MY LORD...
...TO BEG YOUR FORGIVENESS BEFORE I DIE..

ALA!
WHO IS HE?
MAYBE THE DEATH OF US BOTH. I CAN'T TELL.
BUT HE KNOWS SOMETHING.
CAN YOU READ HIM WITH YOUR EMPATHY POWERS?
I'LL TRY.
IT'S.. VERY STRANGE. I'M NOT SURE WHAT TO THINK.
I SENSE KINDNESS, BUT MOSTLY CONFUSION, AND SOMETHING ELSE..
...SOMETHING I'VE NEVER FELT BEFORE.
THAT YELLOW STRIPE IDENTIFIES HIM AS A MUTANT... HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO BLOCK ME.
HE'S COMING AROUND.

ARTHUR? ARE WE IN AVALON, THEN?
STRANGELY ENOUGH, WE ARE.
BUT LISTEN TO ME, YOU FOOL...
ARTHUR, LANCELOT...THEY DON'T EXIST. THEY'RE MYTHS, PEOPLE IN BOOKS.
WE HAVE THEIR NAMES, YOU AND I... A COINCIDENCE, NOTHING MORE.
NO...
HE'S OUT AGAIN. I SENSE HE KNOWS SOMETHING... SOMETHING THAT MIGHT MAKE SENSE OF EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED!
WHAT WAS THAT HE SAID, ABOUT ARTHUR AND LANCELOT?
A MYTH. THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR. IT'S IN SOME OF THESE BOOKS WE RESCUED.
AND IT'S ALSO IN MY HEAD. I CAN REMEMBER BACK...
.. I HAD ANCESTORS ALIVE, THEN. MY MEMORIES STRETCH BACK THRU SO MANY LIVES.
...AND EVEN FORWARD, AFTER A FASHION.
THERE WAS AN ARTHUR, BUT HE WAS NO KING. HE WAS A CAVALRY OFFICER, ONE OF THE LAST ROMANS.
BUT I DON'T KNOW WHY THAT SHOULD BE IMPORTANT. EVEN ALL THESE BOOKS, THEY ONLY OFFER CLUES.
I KNOW WHAT I AM...
BUT I DON'T KNOW WHY I AM.
I HAVE A FEELING LANCE KNOWS. HE MUST LIVE.

LANCE HAS BEEN EATING ME OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME. GAME HAS BEEN SCARCE, FORCING ME TO HUNT FARTHER FROM THE BUNKER THAN I'D LIKE.
ALA?
I REMEMBER FORWARD. SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT.
SOMETHING TERRIBLE--
ALA!!
--HAS HAPPENED.

MY KING...SHE WAS...
...INFECTED
SOMETHING GREW INSIDE HER... IT WAS NOT RIGHT.
REPLACE-MENTS COME FROM THE CLONE BANKS. IT IS THE LAW OF THE COMPUTER.
CRUNCH!

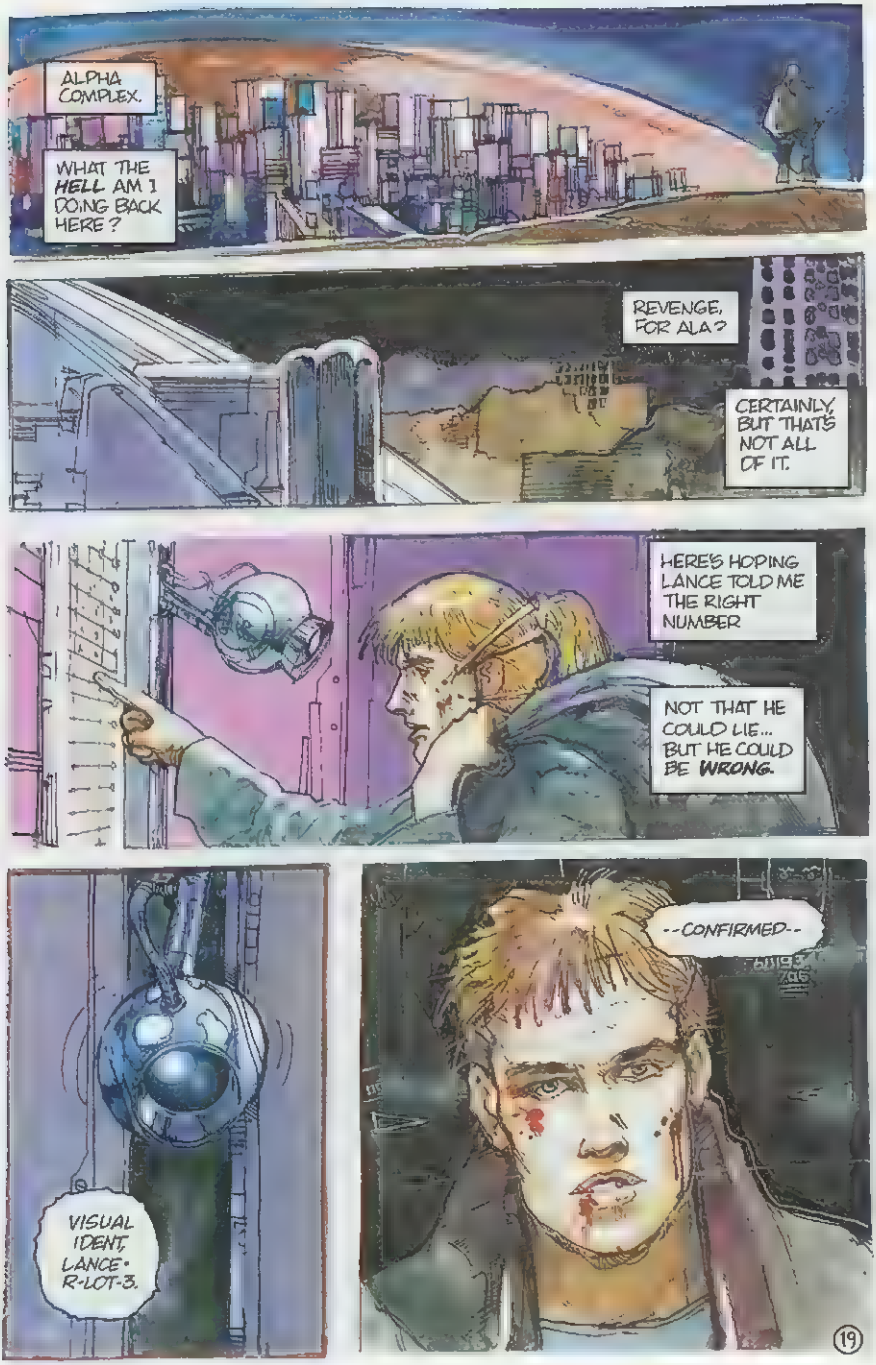
DO NOT THINK ILL OF ME, MY KING..
I DID GENUINELY SEEK YOUR FOR-GIVENESS.
..BUT WHEN I SAW ALAMAGORDO-R-THR-2 WAS INFECTED, SOMETHING... WENT OFF...INSIDE ME.
KLANG!

I HAVE BEEN CONDI-TIONED...TO BETRAY YOU.
KLANG!
I UNDER-STAND IT HAS EVER BEEN LANCELOT'S ROLE TO BETRAY ARTHUR.
YOU--CANNOT--DEFEAT--ME.

HOW BASE OF YOU, MY LORD. I AM SHOCKED.

NOT SO FAST, LANCE.
IT SEEMS I'M AN ANDROID.
I ASSURE YOU, I HAD NO IDEA.
THIS EXPLAINS A GREAT DEAL.

WHAT IS THIS THING?
MY INHIBITOR BOLT. PLEASE GIVE IT TO ME. IT FLEW OUT WHEN I HIT THE ROCKS.
AND WITHOUT THIS BOLT.. ?
I AM NO LONGER INHIBITED.
OH, THERE GOES MY LEG. PLEASE GET IT.
NO.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU'RE "NO LONGER INHIBITED?"
I CANNOT DECEIVE.
YOU MAY SPEAK ONLY THE TRUTH?
YES. DON'T LEAVE ME HERE.
I WOULDN'T DREAM OF IT.


ALPHA COMPLEX.
WHAT THE HELL AM I DOING BACK HERE?
REVENGE, FOR ALA?
CERTAINLY, BUT THAT'S NOT ALL OF IT.
HERE'S HOPING LANCE TOLD ME THE RIGHT NUMBER
NOT THAT HE COULD LIE... BUT HE COULD BE WRONG.
VISUAL IDENT, LANCE • R-LOT-3.
--CONFIRMED--

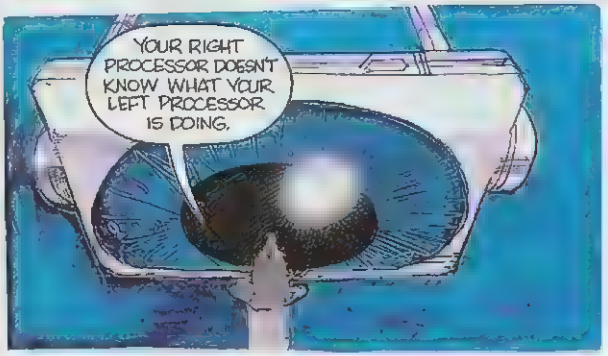
PALM PRINT IDENT, LANCE·R·LOT·3.
--CONFIRMED--
ENTER, LANCE·R·LOT·3.
PLEASE FOLLOW THE WHITE LINE TO DEBRIEFING, LANCE·R·LOT·3.
THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION.

PLEASE ENTER THE CAR, LANCE-R-LOT-3.

IF NOT FOR REVENGE, THEN WHY AM I HERE?
ANSWERS?
NOT REALLY THE ANDROID REVEALED *MOST* OF THE TRUTH.
SO, THEN... WHY?
BECAUSE I HAVE NO CHOICE.
BECAUSE OF WHAT THE COMPUTER MADE ME.
BECAUSE OF *WHO I AM.*

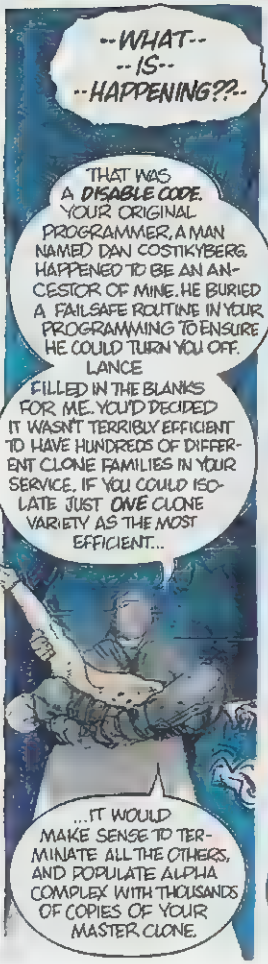
--REPORT--
--LANCE•
R-LOT-3--

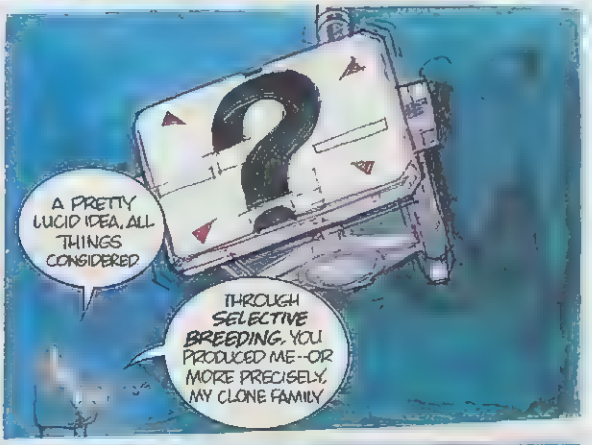
King-6 was believed killed during the raid on N3F headquarters in PARANOIA/CLONE-4.



--ALERT--
--TREASON--ENEMY--
--MUST--BE--
--LIQUIDATED--
DO WE REALLY HAVE TO GO THRU THIS ROUTINE?

DISABLE 0-87431-063-6.


--WHAT--
--IS--
--HAPPENING??--
THAT WAS A DISABLE CODE. YOUR ORIGINAL PROGRAMMER, A MAN NAMED DAN COSTIKYBERG, HAPPENED TO BE AN ANCESTOR OF MINE. HE BURIED A FAILSAFE ROUTINE IN YOUR PROGRAMMING TO ENSURE HE COULD TURN YOU OFF.
LANCE FILLED IN THE BLANKS FOR ME. YOU'D DECIDED IT WASN'T TERRIBLY EFFICIENT TO HAVE HUNDREDS OF DIFFERENT CLONE FAMILIES IN YOUR SERVICE. IF YOU COULD ISOLATE JUST ONE CLONE VARIETY AS THE MOST EFFICIENT...
...IT WOULD MAKE SENSE TO TERMINATE ALL THE OTHERS, AND POPULATE ALPHA COMPLEX WITH THOUSANDS OF COPIES OF YOUR MASTER CLONE.


A PRETTY LUCID IDEA, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED
THROUGH SELECTIVE BREEDING, YOU PRODUCED ME--OR MORE PRECISELY, MY CLONE FAMILY

YOU WANTED TO PRODUCE A RACE OF TELEPATHIC CLONES... CLONES WHO COULD LEARN FROM EACH OTHERS' MISTAKES, AND BENEFIT FROM A SINGLE ROUND OF INTENSE TRAINING
IN EFFECT, YOU WANTED TO PRODUCE A CLONE THAT WOULD BE BORN INTO THE WORLD WITH ALL THE KNOWLEDGE AND TRAINING REQUIRED TO BEST SERVE YOU.

--WHAT--ARE--
--YOU--DOING??--
YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH.
WHERE WAS I?
RIGHT-- MY CLONE FAMILY.
AS USUAL, YOU SCREWED UP. YOU DIDN'T GET WHAT YOU BARGAINED FOR. MEMBERS OF MY CLONE FAMILY WEREN'T TELEPATHIC-- NOT PRECISELY.
WHAT YOU DID WAS AWAKEN OUR RACE MEMORY. THE MEMORIES OF OUR ANCESTORS, ALL THE WAY BACK TO THE DAWN OF TIME, WERE AVAILABLE TO EACH OF US.
THE DIFFICULT THING WAS COMING TO GRIPS WITH THOSE MEMORIES.
FOR THE LONGEST TIME, I THOUGHT THEY WERE JUST NIGHTMARES, BUT NOW I UNDERSTAND HOW TO USE THEM.
THEY CAN PROVIDE KNOWLEDGE, LIKE THAT ACCESS CODE I USED..
...OR A CRASH COURSE IN ANDROID REPAIR AND DESIGN THEORY.
I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU-- WHEN YOU DESIGN AN ANDROID, YOU BUILD THEM TO LAST.
THERE'S ENOUGH JUICE IN DEAR DEAD LANCE'S POWER PLANT TO RUN ALPHA COMPLEX FOR TEN YEARS.
SHOULD MAKE FOR ONE HELL OF AN EXPLOSION.

YOU SHOULD HAVE LEFT WELL ENOUGH ALONE. WE CLONES, WE'RE BETTER OFF BEING HAPPY IDIOTS.
YOU SEE, SOMETHING HAPPENED THAT YOU FAILED TO CONSIDER..
MY MEMORIES... THEY GO ALL THE WAY BACK. I CAN REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS LIKE BEFORE YOU CAME ON LINE.
I KNOW THERE WAS A BETTER WAY. I KNOW ALL OF THIS IS WRONG. IF I DIDN'T... WELL, MAYBE NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED.
--PLEASE--
--NO--
YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE CREATED ME.
YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE ASSIGNED THAT IDIOT LANCE TO LOOK AFTER ME AS MY POWERS MATURED.
AND YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE SENT HIM OUT TO ASSASSINATE ME.
BECAUSE NOW, YOU POOR STUPID MACHINE, THE TAIL IS GOING TO WAG THE DOG.
GO TO HELL.

BEEP!
I'M NOT ARTHUR. I'M NOT KING OF A RUINED EMPIRE. I'M NOT EVEN THE PEOPLES' SLEEPING CHAMPION.
YOU SHOULD HAVE NAMED ME PROMETHEUS, THE FIRE BRINGER.
BECAUSE THERE WILL BE FIRE, BEAUTIFUL FIRE--THE FIRE I'VE SEEN IN MY DREAMS.
IT NEVER PAYS TO DRAG PEOPLE OUT OF THE DARK AGES. PROMETHEUS WAS KILLED FOR HIS PAINS.
YOU AND I ARE GOING TO GO TO-GETHER.
THE PEOPLE OF ALPHA COMPLEX... WELL, THEY'LL BE ON THEIR OWN.
MAYBE THEY'LL MAKE A GOD OUT OF ME. OR MAYBE THEY'LL TRY TO BRING YOU BACK. IT'S NOT FOR US TO SAY.
BUT THEY'RE PAST NEEDING YOU, AND THEY'RE NOT READY FOR ME.
FAREWELL.
THAT'S IT. JUST A MATTER OF TIME, NOW, AND IT WILL ALL BE OVER.
YOU MADE A MISTAKE, NAMING ME AFTER KING ARTHUR.
6...5...4...3...2...1
END.

PARANOIA®

The Roleplaying Game of A Darkly Humorous Future

ATTENTION TRAITORS!

You've Read the Comic. . .
Now Play the Game!

The Computer wants you to be happy. If you do not play the game, you cannot be happy. If you are not happy, you will be used as reactor shielding. The decision is yours. The Computer says it is, and The Computer is your friend.

Being a Troubleshooter is fun. Troubleshooters get shot at, stabbed, incinerated, stapled, mangled, blown to bits and occasionally executed, as was the case with King-R-THR-1. His reward for treason was a laser blast through the head. How much fun you would have had if you had blasted him. The Computer says you would. The Computer knows what's best. The Computer never lies..

If you can't find the *Paranoia* game you want at your local hobby, comic or book store, use this coupon. Or call 1-800-338-6140 to place a Visa or Mastercard order.

- ☐ *Paranoia Boxed Set* $18.00
- ☐ *The DOA Sector Travelogue* $15.00
- ☐ *The Crash Course Manual* $15.00
- ☐ *Send me a complete catalog of West End products*

PA residents add applicable sales tax. Postage and Handling: $3.00 for first game, $1.25 for each additional game.*

Total _____

Postage & Handling _____

Grand Total _____

Do not send cash! Send $US check or money order only. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____

Zip: _____ Tel: (___) _____ – _____

Send to: West End Games, RD 3 Box 2345, Honesdale, PA 18431

** For deliveries to Canada or Mexico, add US $5.00 for the first game, US $2.50 for each additional game.*

WEST END GAMES®

®, ™ & © 1991 West End Games. All Rights Reserved.

PARANOIA xp

WEST END GAMES, SCHMEST END GAMES
They ruined Paranoia back in the day, but now Friend Computer is BACK...

..and BETTAR THAN EVAR!!!1! W00+!

The original authors of Paranoia, through grit, determination, and lawsuit fought hard and won the rights to Paranoia. Then they licensed it out. Mongoose Publishing is now selling copies of it's soon-to-be award-winning Paranoia XP.

Yes, Paranoia XP, chock full of the same 1984 meets Logan's Run meets THX-1138 meets Brazil meets the Marx Brothers meets Frankenstein meets Scooby Doo goodness that you've come to expect from Paranoia, but then kicked up a notch for the internet-riddled, dot-com failure, nightmare, post-911 era of Dee Snyder's Aughts, BAM!

You can order a copy of Paranoia XP from Mongoose Publishing at:
http://www.mongoosepublishing.com/

You can play Paranoia free online at:
http://www.paranoia-live.net/

You can order a great roast beef on rye at:
http://www.bensdeli.net/

This six-part scanned copy of the Paranoia comic book is in no way related to Mongoose Publishing or any other company, website, or game mentioned above. These scans were made by a completely unrelated third party at his/her own behest, and this unofficial and unwarranted advertisement was made by the same third party without permission. The third party did not receive or ask for any compensation for performing his civic duty of placing rare, out-of-print documents on the internet. It's not like these six comics were ever going to get compiled into a trade paperback anytime soon, and probably only the third party and the U.S. Library of Congress have a complete collection of this series.

The third party would like to take this time to thank Mongoose Publishing for publishing Paranoia XP, and the authors of said book for bringing the greatest role-playing game of all time back for today's kids to enjoy.

STAY ALERT. TRUST NO ONE. KEEP YOUR LASER HANDY.

Edited by
Roadrunner!
Beep! Beep!